SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Some Thoughts Given to the S. S. C. E. of Mapleville., Md., at recent meeting.

BY LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

For a long time there have been some thought and ques tions impressing themselves upon my mind both in regard to professing Christians and to those who make no profession. We look around us here in our own neighborhood, and we see aged men and women, middle aged men and women, and young men and women, all of whom ought to be in the church and working for the Master, but who are still wandering in the paths of sin, apparently indifferent in regard to their salvation. Here are young people enjoying the happy, free days of youth, unfettered by care, unburdened by sorsow, full of energy, life and activity, who ought to be working out their own salvation, and trying to win others to Christ, but who are wasting the gladdest, happiest, best part of their lives in sin. Here are older people, whose hearts are full of care, whose hair is whitening, whose cheeks and brows are becoming furrowed with the sorrows of life, and who seem to be taking no thought for the eternal morrow beyond the grave. As we look upon them with sorrow in our own hearts, and concern for their welfare, we cannot but ask ourselves the question 'why is it?' Surely it cannot be God's fault, who delighteth not in the death of any, but would have all men come to him that they might have life. It cannot be the fault of Christ who laid down his life that a sin-cursed world through him might be saved. It cannot be that the Spirit has ceased to strive with our people here, for though God has said 'my Spirit shall not always strive with men' yet we have frequently had evidence of the Spirit's striving here in our midst. It cannot be that they have not had sufficient invitation, for the Spirit and the bride say come. Here from this pulpit has been extended invitation after invitation, but how few have been accepting them. The more we reflect upon this subject, the more the question impresses itself upon our minds, and with it comes another question 'is it our fault? Is it the fault of the church members? When I look upon those with whom I am so frequently thrown into association, those who come within reach of my influence, who attend church with me, and when I see how apparently indifferent they seem in regard to their soul's welfare, the questions force themselves upon me 'has not my influence been what it ought to be? Am I keeping others out of Christ and the church by my inconsistencies, my missteps, my failures? Have I placed my candle under a bushel, or am I letting it give out a false light? Are my walk and conduct and conversation so at variance with my profession that sinners are led to believe that there is no reality in the religion of Jesus Christ? 'My brother, my sister, the world is watching us and taking note of our doings. Our inconsistencies, our failures, are all noted down. How often do we hear the expressions 'He's a pretty Christian! He's a nice church member!'

If we allow some trivial ex cuse to keep us from church, or worse still, if we stay away without any excuse, we are setting a bad example, one that others are very apt to follow, and one that leads the world to think we are not very much interested in the cause we are engaged in. The natural tendency will be to make sinners more careless, more thoughtless when they see our indifference in these matters. If when there is an opportunity for us to attend the service of the sanctuary we prefer loafing at the stores, or making friendly gossiping calls upon our neighbors, or taking our ease at the family fireside with our hands folded, the world will be quick to measure our interest in Christ's cause, and our own spiritual growth. Not only does the world take note of our *doings*, but I am persuaded that the world measures us largely by our *conversation*. We profess to love God and his Word, and to follow its teachings, but we find more pleasure in the latest novel or the secular newspaper than in the magical sweetness of the words that fell from the lips of our Savior; if we find a keener enjoyment in talking about the political questions of the day, our farms, our business, the latest style of dress, than in talking about the love of Christ to a dying world, how quickly will the world be able to guess where our treasures are. Let us not be misunderstood in this. It is not wrong to discuss the political questions of the day; nor is it wrong to be deeply interested in our business, our farms, our stores, our schools, for the apostle said 'be not slothful in business;' but if we let these things be uppermost in our mind so that our salvation, our concern for the welfare of others, and the love of God to us, become secondary matters, then we are at fault.

But there is another evil which exists here among us and elsewhere, which is far greater than that of which I have just spoken, and which the world cannot fail to see and judge accordingly. It is the sin of speaking unkindly of others, and of exposing their faults instead of trying to hide them. There is a couplet which runs through my mind again and again.

'Be to my virtues very kind
And to my faults a little blind.'

And though it may be well to see the faults of others so as to guard against the same ourselves, yet we should be very careful how or where we speak of them, and it should be our effort to help others overcome their faults rather than to criticise them. Our Savior has said 'by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love, one toward another.' But how shall the world know that we are our heavenly Father's children, if the disposition we show toward one another is that of unkindness and fault-finding instead of love? And how shall sinners be led to accept Christ and join our ranks when our lives are so little in accord with our profession? Let us not forget that God will hold us answerable for the example we set others and the influence we shed round about us. Let us not forget that when we stand at the bar of God, he may present to us the same questions he asked Cain away back in the beginning of the world 'where is thy brother?' O my brother, my sister what will be our humiliation, our sorrow, our agony, if through our indifference, our inconsistencies, our failures in duty, it should be said to those who come within reach of our influence. Depart, and what shall be our hope of hearing the words 'well done,' if God shall say to us 'the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground.' O let us be careful, and let us be prayerful, and strive earnestly to help each other to overcome our faults and to win sinners from their wanderings into the safety and security of Christ's sheltering love and care.

MARRIED.

RUSSELL—BEER—By the undersigned, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Charles R. Russell and sister Sadie R. Beer. All of Vernalis, San Joaquin Co., Cal.

J. W. BEER.

SNOOK—SHAFFER—Johnstown, Pa. A grand time. There is usually one time in the history of people that should be looked upon, and recalled as a time of feasting and rejoicing. That time has occured in the lives of S. A. Snook of the Brethren church and Anna G. Shaffer of the M E. church, who were made happy by the marriage ceremony, at the bride's residence 148 Main St., on the evening of the 10th of April at 8:30 o'clock. About forty guests were present, and without a doubt, all that graced the occasion with their presence, in future years, can look back to the time with pleasure. After the couple was said to be husband and wife, and the congratulations were ended, all surrounded a table which was spread with viands of life, beautiful, rich and bounteous enough for a king to admire, of which all seemed to partake thankfully and freely. Supper being ended, we were then entertained very pleasantly with music by Mrs. Giffin, who certainly is an expert in instrumental music. After being entertained in this manner for two or three hours, the carriage was driven to the door, in which the bride and groom—accompanied with bride's sister, minister and wife—were taken to their own home on Morris St., where we found the house furnished very neatly and costly. We leave them; but our regards and best wishes, for a long, happy and successful life remain with them. J. B. RITTGERS.

OUR DEAD.

HARBAUGH—Died April 11, 1889, Nellie Inez Harbaugh, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Harbaugh, aged 2 years, 9 months and 10 days. Funeral sermon preached by the writer, in the M. E. church at Pleasant Home, O. WM. KIEFER.

One Word.

I remember I took up the word 'love,' and turned to the Scriptures and studied it, and got so that I felt I loved everybody, I got full of it. When I went on the street, I felt as if I loved everybody I saw. It ran out of my fingers.

Suppose you take up the subject of love and study it up. You will get so full of it that all you have got to do is to open your lips and a flood of the love of God flows out. If you go into a court you will find a lawyer pleading a case. He gets everything bearing upon one point, heaped up so as to carry his argument with all the force he can, in order to convince the jury. Now it seems to me a man should do the same in talking to an audience; just think that he has a jury before him, and he wants to convict a sinner. If it is love, get all you can upon the subject and talk love, love.

MOODY.

If every cup of cold water given to a thirsty disciple of Christ shall be rewarded, is it not a wonder people are not standing on every corner where the disciple passes on his pilgrimage with buckets or cups? If the rewards were in nickles, they would be there. —Methodist Protestant.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheny & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoontul. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O.
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Tracts on Secrecy.

Thirteen Reasons why a Christian should not be a Freemason. By Bev. Robert Armstrong. The Author states his reasons clearly and carefully, and any one of the thirteen reasons, if properly considered, will keep a Christian out of the lodge. 5 cents each.

Masonry a Work of Darkness, adverse to Christianity, and inimical to republican government. By Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong (Presbyterian), a seceding Mason of 21 degrees. This is a very telling work and no honest man who reads it will think of joining the lodge. 15 cents each.

Secrecy vs. the Family, State and Church. By Rev. M. S. Drury. The antagonism of organized secrecy to the welfare of the family, state and church is clearly shown. 10 cents each.

THE BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Ashland, O.

Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who drives a coal cart has to resort to soap and water, just as does a negro who has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all are usually resorted to when a man gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—at least not at first. He usually goes to the so-called saloon and gets a drink, which makes him feel rather dazed, so he takes another, and comes home temporarily elated, supposing himself cured.

When he wakes next morning, with a headache twice as bad as ever, and feeling feverish and cross, he concludes he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he happens to have in the house—some liver renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart enlarger—and sets forth saying if he isn't better tomorrow he will send for the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the doctor is called, shakes his head, prescribes two or three kinds of medicine, according to his medical creed, but always insists upon perfect quiet, and that the patient must not go to his office for two weeks, or the result will be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a week or ten days, his recovery retarded by a multitude of remedies, and the knowledge that his business is going to ruin in his absence. When he does drag out at last, he finds that the family must deny themselves everything but the common necessities of life for some time to come, in order that the doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs made in the business.

Now, the proper thing for this man to have done was to have bought a bottle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, the moment he felt the first headache, and to have taken two tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three half-doses, two days apart, after the first dose had taken effect, would have cured him and prevented his illness, and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as Beecher would have said, his foresight was not so good as his hindsight. Another time this man will know just what to do to save pain, time and money.

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